

Autumn Equinox

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Summary

Every year, with every change of seasons, it is tradition for the small village to offer one of their own in exchange for the grace and benevolence of their gods.

This year, at the time of the autumn equinox, it is Will who will offer himself to their god of harvest.

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A Horny Hannigram Autumn Adventures 2023 bingo prompt fill for 'sacrifices & offerings'.

Will lets out a deep, shaky breath as he looks at the shallow river that lies before him, turning around one last time to the life, the people, the village he has to leave behind.

He can see them standing in the distance, chanting softly with prayers and praises to send off their offering to their god of harvest and fertility for the autumn equinox.

As the final, warm rays of sunlight reach Will's skin he finally steps into the cold water of the river, crossing it slowly and deliberately, into the realm of their gods that lies beyond.

In some parts of the forest, Will has often known the women of their village to hunt and forage, yet no people would ever dare to step into this part of the woods, less so on a date as significant as this, with the stars in the universe aligning, allowing them to be closer to their gods.

Will knows it is an honour to be picked, an honour to be the chosen one that ensures the bountiful harvest and the prosperous, continued existence of their village, yet he cannot stop himself from shaking slightly with fear of the unknown as the woods grow thicker around him, swallowing him among the plentiful colours of their leaves.

He stops when he reaches a small clearing, his instincts begging for him to not move any further, and it is here where he sinks to his knees, lowering his head in humility, awaiting his fate.

Soon, it is no longer just the gentle breeze of the evening wind that caresses his skin, giving him chills, but the feather-light touch of fingertips, running along his nape.

Will's fingers tense in the fabric of his robe at his thighs, hands shivering slightly as he awaits his swift, sudden death.

Yet there is no blade, no blood that paints his skin, only the smooth, gentle motion of the hand on him, lifting up his chin so Will meets his gaze.

Will's mouth falls open at the other-worldly presence before him, beauty and grace, strength and power exuding the god in human form, the amber colour of his eyes so bright and alluring that Will feels unable to move, hypnotised by his gaze.

"I was expecting another beauty, as your people have always been very generous with me..."

His voice is calm and smooth, reaching Will from all around, softly echoing off the trees.

"... yet you, my darling boy, are even more ravishing than I would have expected. I will gladly accept your sacrifice."

Will feels his heart hammer in his chest as he rises to his feet under the man's instruction, looking up at him timidly.

"Will you kill me now, Hannibal?"

To Will's surprise, the lips of the god before him twist into a smile, an amused, yet not unkind one at that.

"I will certainly do no such thing, my darling... I shall *feast* upon you..."

Will shivers slightly as Hannibal loosens the ties of his robe, letting the fabric of it pool on the forest floor around his ankles, marvelling at the bare skin of the human body before him.

"Have you laid with anyone yet?"

Will wants to shy away from his touch, yet he does not dare to move away as he feels the warm, firm hand of the god before him graze his chest, his abdomen, his hips.

"No-..." Will gasps quietly, hips bucking slightly as he feels Hannibal's fingers inquisitively wrap around his member, stroking the length of it.

"Then I am sure you must feel afraid... Tell me, what is your name?"

"Will..."

Hannibal smiles, letting his name roll off his tongue as his other hand comes up to cup Will's cheek.

"Will, my sweet boy... I promise you, there is nothing to be afraid of. You belong to me now. Only pleasure awaits you on this night, and for the rest of your days..."

Will tenses slightly with surprise as he feels warm, soft lips against his own, slowly preparing him for a much deeper, more longing kiss that soon leaves Will hard and aching in Hannibal's hand.

Will's hot breath mingles with the cool air of the autumn night falling around them, yet he feels no cold, no discomfort in Hannibal's embrace, crossing over to the realm of the immortal god who bestows him with kisses and touches, drowning him in his love, his attention, his lust.

Will's hands come to rest on Hannibal's shoulders, his breathing quick and shallow, sounds of pleasure and lust swallowed by their kisses, seeking more of the gratifying touch of Hannibal's hand.

Yet just shy of the height of his arousal Hannibal suddenly stops, smiling as he licks the taste of Will off his thumb, forever delighted by the intensity of the experiences of his human offering; the pink on Will's cheek, the surprised, deeply disappointed expression in his eyes at the loss of Hannibal's hand on him.

"No need for tears, my beloved... I shall devour you soon enough..."

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